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CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™



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Del Stone Jr.
Mark Hempel

McNally Sagal
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WALL TO WALL

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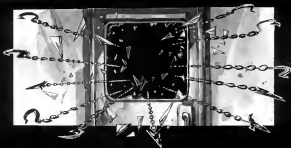
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CLIVE BARRER'S HELLRAISER™ Book 20

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WORDS IN THE Wordsworth OF IT

by neil GAINAN
and dave McKEAN

"Words are but pictures, true or false designed,
To show the likes and features of the mind."

BUTLER - Upon the Abuse of Poetical Language

Someone places the writhing tapestries of chaotic
violence implicit in every scratching and syllable.
Smell the basemented trickling into each word,
spelling out new ways to violate secret innocence.

Hooks rend. New blasphemies configure upon the
inside of my spelling, tales worked in blood and bone
and flesh and worm, traced in spitfire; a dash of bile
here, a slice of kidney there.

Factor noted damned children, and together we shall
lament and celebrate the configuration that made us
what we are, today, and forever.

So: do you rejoice with slaves in the pangs of darling
Agonyes unbearable, wringing and gasping and gasping,
anticipating the tormented thrill of another's domination?

Good.

Then I'll begin...

His name is Wordsworth.



The final clue, 13 down:

12: You imply no
blazing fronds
grow in the abyss?

Inferno.



He writes it down
and sighs dustily.



Then, crossword completed
(8 minutes, 13 seconds),
Daily Telegraph abandoned,
Wordsworth stares out of the
carriage window at a parade
of allotments, at the ugly
banks of houses.

Unsatisfying.



The train shudders into
the city centre and a fly
makes languorous love
to the grimy window.

Half an hour to go
before he arrives
at the library.



Half an hour to Milla.



The French people —
— Sorry?



Oh, the swordword.
I see.

— The Jewelmafraids co.



Words.



Ec. Yes.



Wordsworth gazes at the paper in dismay. No true crossword here. He scans the first clue, expects nothing of substance.



Wordsworth ponders. An anagram, perhaps? He combines permutations of 'you' and 'U', with both 'Rabbit' and 'here', and, as an afterthought, 'lapin'.

1: What you did
to the rabbit. (7)
Miss 'Lapin'

It isn't coming.



But deep inside his dry soul something flutters. He knows he knows the answer...



He just doesn't know what it is.



And there...



Wendsworth was seven.

(His rabbit was called Flopsy.)

His rabbit was called Fluffy.



...he knew.

Wordsworth worked in the museum library, in the stacks of books, organizing and classifying.

True friends, unlike his workmates - creatures so incomprehensible to him as to be almost alien: Miss Watson; Miss Fiddow; Mrs Kelly.

The network also
was thin.

There were over 200,000 books and manuscripts in the museum. They were friends, albeit friends composed of words and stories.

2. Miss Watson's
any of back-borne
p.16 (p. 7, 41).



~ Just adding eggs! Overhead!

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...and the ...

TESSUS
ODDING
NEP



Hardsworth doesn't know where the puzzle comes from, nor does he care. The puzzle is all. The words are everything.

4. The gift of the
Sparrow's
Daughter (8) .

He finds out, and fills
the answer on the puzzle
in his prison, Post
handwriting.



440

Wordsworth himself there is a specialised vocabulary in the more unexplored realms of bondage and flagellation.

From that province he takes away a covered back and expertly placed genitalia; and, more importantly, he fills another nine squares on the puzzle.

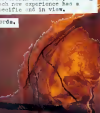
Woodworth attended a ball, at which noble and affluent cognophiles dine for twelve courses on forty kinds of human shit.



He's there for the last word on the memo: it turns out to be gaffes. Someone has a sense of humor.

The delights of reluctant perversion thrill him, although each new experience has a specific end in view.

Words,



For a word he cuts a fog apart
and casts its entrails upon his
kitchen floor, seeking peace in
the loops and whorls of its
instabilities.

For a word he
violates a small
child.

9: The tale of
Janet Priddow's
flesh (4).

He could guess,
but he had to know.

P O R K

All his life he had loved
wording, now he found his love
to be a demanding, meticulous
address.

90 DIE IN
MUSEUM
FIRE

His job was abandoned,
following the fire that
destroyed the museum and
almost claimed his life.

and grey (6)

50: The doorway (4)

He no longer ate. His
notions were sadly
defined by the puzzle...

And, in the end, there
were only four spaces
to fill in, one word.

One clue.

And in a thing that had
once been Harrison Wordsworth
grinned through messy
sagging lips, and smiled

H E L L







With the seething pulsing joy, the crying through the pain, Wordsworth feels the probe slide down the throat, pierces the cracked skin, puncture the skull...

The plasma seems to pump through the arteries, the liver no longer secretes bile, the urine finds its way to the bladder, but the blood washes over us all...

In the night of hell, that glows with its own black light, I remember the burning spears and freezing pangs that haunt me when our lord took me and terribly refashioned me according to his will.

Will it ever, can it ever,
be that good again?

Ripped to shreds and patched together.
I know then consummately what I am.
What I am. What I always will be...

See me.

1

2

3

4

5

6

LOVE ME

Look at my words.

(Examining the writhing tapestries of
choice delight implicit in each
scratching and each syllable.)

I guard the words.

I keep them tenderly,
express them with my
tangled flesh and
tattered tongues.

Words that form stories,
of tales, or patterns.

Words that can but hint
at the delights of
damnation, of the ultimate
pleasures that wait for
them all on the beyondside
of pain.

I'll show you another.

Stay with me, my shattered children.
Stay and listen and start and learn,
See that this good?



I've got thousands of them.
I told the stories. I guard
the words.

LOVE ME



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JOHN BYRNE

THE GIRL IN THE DEEPHOLE

STORY: Sel Stone Jr.

ART/LETTERS: Mark Hempel

COLORS: Mark Wheatley

Pain is given
to every
living thing
at birth...

From the
simple
absence
of pleasure
to the
exquisite
agony of
loss...

Sometimes,
death is
a release
from pain...

And sometimes,
death is only
the beginning...



The irony of this bend in his life is not lost on Arthur...





Arthur works tirelessly and efficiently...



And is rewarded by the doctors and other staffers, who give him their trust.

SOMETIMES THESE AREN'T CASES—SCUSE ME, THESE PATIENTS—BECOME A LITTLE OVERHEATED, LIKE RACK THERE. BUT MAN, YOU WERE COOL! YOU CAN CARRY FOR ME ANYTIME!

THANKS, DOCTOR.



But the path to atonement is fraught with peril...

DADDEE!

HI, MUNCHKIN! HOW'S MY BABY THIS AFTERNOON?

As old illnesses flare anew...



Stubborn fevers that simmer beneath the veneer of his consciousness...

THIS COURT FINDS THE DEFENDANT, ARTHUR DANKH...

And sometimes burns through the armor of his new faith.

...GUILTY OF THE CRIME OF...

It is a war of the soul that Arthur has always fought. Sometimes he is defeated. Sometimes he wins.



And it is through these small victories that Arthur hopes to reassert control over his life. The future does not look so bleak.

ARTHUR, I'D LIKE YOU TO TAKE ON SOME ADDITIONAL RESPONSIBILITIES... RESPONSIBILITIES THAT CALL FOR A PERSON WITH YOUR SPECIAL TALENTS.

I THINK YOU'RE UP TO IT.

THESE PATIENTS HAVE CERTAIN...
AH, THERAPEUTIC
REQUIREMENTS
THAT CAN'T BE
ADMINISTERED
BY THE
REGULAR STAFF.

Ward S... Arthur had heard other
staff members allude to this place
in cryptic, almost sinister tones that
reminded him of children telling ghost
stories around a campfire...

The patients of Ward S are kept
behind lock and key. These are the
traumatically insane, the murderers
who kill at the behest of voices only
they can hear, the cannibals who
carve up their victims and store
the remains in resealable plastic bags.

AH, NURSE. IF YOU
HAVE A MOMENT, I'D
LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU
TO MR. ARTHUR SMACK,
A NEW ORDERLY WHO
WILL BE STAFFING
YOUR DEPARTMENT.

Nurse
Anclé.

WELCOME
ABOARD, MR.
SMACK. IF YOU
HADN'T GUESSED,
THIS IS HELL... AND
WE DO THINGS
DIFFERENTLY
IN HELL.

OUR METHODS ARE
UNORTHODOX BECAUSE OUR
PATIENTS ARE UNORTHODOX.

TAKE MR. MILLER HERE. HE REQUIRES A STRICT
REGIMEN OF RITUALIZED PUNISHMENT. HIS
PAIN KEEPS HIM ALIVE... SPIRITUALLY.

MR. MILLER IS ONE OF OUR
LESS TROUBLESOME GUESTS.
WE HAVE FAR WORSE:
MR. SMACK, HACKSAW
SURGEONS, MESSIAHS
WHO DEMAND
SACRAMENTS
OF BLOOD.

OH, AND
THEN WE
HAVE
RACHEL.

RACHEL STAYS
IN A SPECIAL ROOM...

...WITH A VERY
SPECIAL LOCK.

Rings within rings,
bearing unknown
calligraphies that
simultaneously attract
and repel Arthur.

And wasn't there
another word, a larger
message lurking beneath
the patterns of runes?

I
HAVE
THE
COMBIN-
ATION TO
THIS LOCK,
MR
SMACK

I
AM THE
ONLY
PERSON
WHO MAY
OPEN
THIS
DOOR.

YOU SEEM INTRIGUED,
MR. SMACK.

GO AHEAD
LOOK INSIDE.

YOU MIGHT BE
SURPRISED BY
WHAT YOU SEE.



Rachel...

Arthur's heart
crawl into
his throat



JUST A GIRL...
SHE'S
JUST A
GIRL!

NOT JUST A GIRL, MR. SHACK.
SHE'S INVENTED CRUELITIES THAT,
BY COMPARISON, LEAVE OUR OTHER
GUESTS TO SAINTS.
SHE'S EARNED HER PLACE ON WARD 5.



AND YOU'D BETTER REMEMBER THAT, MR. SHACK.
YOU'VE NEVER MET ANYTHING LIKE RACHEL...



IT WILL BE YOUR RESPONSIBILITY TO BRING
RACHEL HER MEDS. YOU WILL SLIDE HER
DRUG THROUGH THE SLOT AT THE BOTTOM
OF THE DOOR.



YOU WILL NOT SPEAK TO HER. YOU
WILL NOT TOUCH HER. YOU WILL
HAVE NO CONTACT WITH HER -- NONE
WHATSOEVER. THAT IS MY BURDEN.
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



NOW COME WITH
ME, PLEASE. I'LL
SHOW YOU YOUR
OTHER DUTIES.



And so Arthur
falls into
the grim
routine of
ministering
to the
unfortunate
"guests" of
Ward 5

Arthur is down to the
lock at Rachel's cell.
Or is it merely the
lock? A familiar ache,
and a growing despair,
gather at the edges
of his thoughts.



One day, she
speaks to him...

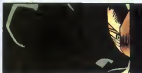


Arthur?
Please?
Can you
hear me?



Arthur? Is it
you, isn't it?

Arthur, you've got to
help me. I know what
nurse Andi probably
told you, but you've got
to believe me. I've
done nothing wrong.



I've been
imprisoned
here, Arthur...



...for the
crime
of love.



And you know
it's true, Arthur...



...you of all people,
Arthur. You know
it's true that love
is no crime.



Will you help
me, Arthur?
Will you? I'll
do anything,
Arthur. Anything.



NO, I CAN'T.
THERE'S
NOTHING
I CAN DO.

Arthur feels the ugly constricting of old desires...

Desires he might have resisted again...

Were it not for a touch...

A touch. And then... OH!

The feeling crawls along his nerves like St. Elmo's Fire - it surges up his spine to detonate at the base of his skull in a concussion of sheer pleasure.

And that forbidden finger of touch reaches into the part of his brain where heaven lies.

Putting up every sweet dream he had ever dreamed.

With Rachel at the center, brushing away the dim fragments of others he had loved.

Until it is only Rachel, nobody and nothing but Rachel, filling every niche and every recess of his need, overstimulating his senses until her presence suddenly becomes cloying and oppressive.

The dream sours to memories Arthur had struggled to bury...

Unhappy memories of his day in court, of the therapy sessions where the truth was spaded up from the diseased soil of his subconscious...

THIS COURT FINDS THE DEFENDANT, ARTHUR SPACK, GUILTY OF THE CRIME OF FELONIOUS SEXUAL BATTERY UPON A MINOR

...And the meager possibility of hope offered by the doctors...

If only he could resist his impulses, the doctors told him, a new and more virtuous Arthur Spack would be reborn.



The ugly reality of memory floods his mind—the years of his sickness, his prison term, the counselling... and he can't let it happen again; he can't give himself over to the desire that hovers at his thoughts like the darkness that hangs over Ward 5.



Escape is a simple, reflexive imperative.



He feigns illness. It's a virus or something, he tells nurse Anolé—and spends several days convalescing!

The days are difficult, but the nights drain him as his thoughts wage war: the cool hand of self-control giving ground to Rachel's fevered presence, her promise of pleasure and the delicious indulgence of lust.



He returns to work and his given light duties until he regains his strength. He is exhausted physically and enervated spiritually. The knowledge that he has resolved nothing eats at him as quietly and persistently as the memory of Rachel's addictive touch. It fills him with despair...



Despair that cannot defeat desire...

I HOPE YOU'RE WELL, NATHAN, AND READY TO PICK UP WHERE YOU LEFT OFF.

Or the descent into the inevitable...

Turn and leave, Arthur tells himself. Deep the tray and walk away from this place, away from Wind's and the Mercodric Institute and Rachel. Do it, he whispers to himself. Do it now while you still have a shred of self-esteem.



But it is as if the rational part of his mind has become no more than a spectator to his emotions.



Indeed as he gives himself over to want...



And is touched again by the feel of bliss...



A almost feels a sense of relief that the war is ended, the conquest complete.

He must have her.



But the lock, the damnable lock! It defeats him.



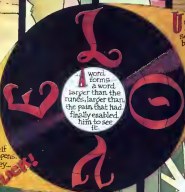
For days, then weeks, he moves the rings, hoping the lock will yield its secrets. His frustration redoubles his desire.



But the result is always the same: DEFECT. His desire becomes an inhuman thing, a cancer of pain that drives him to continue...



Until one day, when it seems he has been beaten again and his rage is threatening to swallow him...



A word forms a word larger than the runes, larger than the pain, that had finally enabled him to see it.

Pain, then, he tells himself as the lock opens. Pain is the key...

CLICK!

Yes, Arthur. Yes, that's the way.



Thank you, Arthur. Thank you.



Now come to me, Arthur. I have something for you.



The dazzling brilliance is swallowed in a sudden convulsion of darkness that reveals an abyss—an impossible abyss that cannot be resisted.



A patch of light resolves from the blackness...



An opening of some kind... suffused with an arterial glow...



AAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

ings within
rings Words
within words
Pain within
pain and a
world within the
world. A world
that has drawn
OTHERS.

Oh God

OH GOD
OH GOD
OH GOD...
THEY'RE ME.

to their common
bond of PAIN.

A world that has
summoned other
Arthurs, Arthurs
that may have never
been, Arthurs that
died aborning, Arthurs
that could
yet be...

and sent plunging
into an ocean...

a ocean of
BLOOD...

GAAAH!
= KAFF!
KAFF KAFF!

GLOKKK!

In the distance, riding the crimson froth, Arthur sees someone—SOMETHING—moving toward him.

boatsman, plying this horrible ocean. As it draws nearer, Arthur hears cries of torment.



WELCOME ABOARD, MR. SMACK! IF YOU HADN'T GUESSED THIS IS HELL!

A monstrosity... What god had he summoned when he cried out?



It is impossible, a horror beyond horror, and Arthur's mind rebels at the sight, begging him to flee, to escape the thing before he is added to its terrible cargo.

But escape to where?

AND WHERE WILL YOU GO, MR. SMACK? YOU MEAN TO ESCAPE?

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'RE ANY DIFFERENT THAN MY OTHER GUESTS HERE?

AFTER ALL, THEY ARE YOU

And then, a thread of hope...



RACHEL

Come
too soon,
Anthony.

Hurry,
I know
the way
out.

Way out...
HOPE.

So close now.

But maybe
I'm
fascinated.

THAT'S RIGHT, MR. SMACK!
CLIMB! YOU HAVE A PLACE
TO GO NOW, SO CLIMB!
CLIMB TO WHATEVER
AWAITS YOU!

Every
molecule
of his being
convulses
with
pleasure
at her
touch.

RONALD FORD

Her body fits against his more perfectly than mere coincidence would allow...

I want you to love me, Arthur...

The feel of her words, brushing against his throat, is the essence of desire.

He will have her...

Love is the way out, Arthur...



But something is wrong...



Something is horribly, horribly wrong.



And as his body cries out in horror, the individual cells seem to writhe in their need to escape. Arthur Snack wonders if he has ever known what love, or pain, are truly composed of...



Months later, in a room on Ward 5...





STEVE AND MARTY
MURDER...

STAND UP
SOMETHING...



...REMEMBER ABOUT
A TONGUE KISS.

REMEMBER
REMEMBER.



ADD A
LITTLE
GOLD.

REMEMBER!
WHAT A GIVE.
EVERYONE EVER
SEES THE
BOOKING?



WE DON'T
HAVE A
CHOICE.



I'M NOT
GOING OUT
THERE
AGAIN.



SORRY BOYS,
THIS IS ONE OF
THESE DAYS
OUT OF.

YOU'RE
ON!



THE COVERING OF THE... MAKE
BY LAUGH, MAKE BY LAUGH,
MAKE BY LAUGH.

WHEAT
THAT LAST
COMEDY SHOULD
SELL AGAIN!

I THINK
YOU'RE GOING
LIKE THESE KIDNAP
HAPPY WORKERS
HUNTING THROUGH A LAMP
BATH OF COMEDY
CLUBS THEY FINALLY
FOUND THEIR WAY
HERE!

LEMBACH
BRINGS YOU BACK
AGAIN FOR THE
FIRST TIME...

LET
BARTHOLOMEW
COULD
SAY TO
PUB.

IT'S
COMING
T'S
COMING!

THE LAST LAUGH



BUT AMONG THE LEGIONS
OF HELL, ALL IS NOT AS
IT SEEMS.

A NEW AGE HAS DAWNED. A
DARING GROUP OF COMMANDOS
CHALLENGE THE WRATH OF HELL TO
SAVE INNOCENTS TRAPPED THERE.

FOR FREEDOM, NOT
FEARFUL OF THE DEVIL
HIMSELF, REMOVED
HIS DEVILTE CHAIRS.



A LOT OF OUR BESTEST
HAPPY DAYS
WERE SPENT HERE.



NEAR
THREE
HUNDRED
BOYS.



WE KNOW
THAT'S
NOT THE
BEST
OPTION

AN INSTANT CHANGING, BUT
BY A HANDSOME
WEAPON—MADE A BRAND
NEW FROM THE THEATRE.
AND WELL.



HE'S
NOT A
CHOCOLATE!

HE'S ONE
OF THE
HANDSOME!

ALWAYS
LEAVE
THE
WHITE
AND
BOYS.

STOP
JACK!



THEY'RE
BOYS, NO
TRICK.

SUCH A
PROBLEM!

EVERYONE
WILL NOT
STAY FOR
THE

NOT HELL...

NOT BATH...

...ANOTHER
PLACE...

THE GUARDIAN'S
APPEAL DENIED
FIGHT ON!

WELCOME
FUNDING... I
AM NOT A MAMMIE
AND I HAVE A
PROPOSITION
FOR YOU...

IF YOU SO
CHOOSE I CAN
SEND YOUR TIES
TO HELL AND RETURN
YOU TO BATH FOR
ONE FULL DAY AS
YOUR POWER
SERVES...

AS THE SUN
SETS YOU WILL
BE TRANSFORMED
AND INTO THAT
WHICH BEARS THE
NATURE AND
SOPHISTICATION
OF YOUR SPIRITS

OR SON
BANDWOOD
CAN RETURN
YOU TO
HELL.

THE CHOICE
IS YOURS!

AND IT MEANS
THE TIES TO
HELL ARE GONE











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Puzzles, puzzles everywhere—Solve them
and win a one-way trip to Hell...

If crosswords are your game, we have one where
the solutions lie deep within your very soul.

If you think you have the coordination, figure
out the door that imprisons one of Hell's smallest
emissaries.

And if you find Hell's not all you'd hoped,
perhaps one of Monte Mamma's cadre—Ron
Ringwood—can bring you home again.

No matter what happens, though, you're in for
one Hell of a time...

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